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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1878.

NUMBER 13.

POETRE.

YE ANCIENT WAGONER.

Being a Mourful Ballad on Bird Roads.

BY MTCO.

He was an ancient wagoner,
Who met us on the street,
With a "blacksnake" of calibro
Full twenty feet in sweep.

He with one hand raised a finger—
"The other held us tight—
Said he: "Pray thee with me linger,
I'll a story tell to-night.

"For my wagin hoz gone under—
My mules are berid deep;
And beneath the sunken plunder
My wife does calmly sleep.

"Tenz the tother side of Flat Creek,
This axdent occurred—
And even now I hear her shriek,
Es she went overboard.

"With one wild plunge into a hole,
Went them all en-sad mools,
And tuk my wife—God rest her soul—
Them ternal long-eered fools!

"An' thar she lies—oh, crool fate!
An' thar the moolie lie too—
An' thar's the wagon, four by eight—
An' thar's the plunder too!

"Full fifty feet in that air hole,
They at the bottom lay;
An' though I tried the longest pole,
I've fished in vain all day!"

To comfort him, we whisp'rd then:
"It was an awful slip;
You've lost your wife, you've lost your team,
But still have left your whip!

"And money'll buy another team—
And money'll buy a wife—
The greatest lies, I've often seen.
Great blessings prove in life."

"Y-a-a-a," stranger, said my ancient friend,
With quite a puzzled look;
"But when Jane met her suddint end,
She tuk my pocketbook!"

All married men on muddy roads,
For holes should careful look,
And if their wives are with their loads,
They should hold the pocketbook.

STORY TELLER.

WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining room in the
Mayberry mansion was all a glitter
with floods of gaslight and the gen
eral glow of the fire—for Mr. Mayberry
was a very "queer" man according to
his wife's opinion, and this fancy of
his to have nasty ashy fires, all over
the splendid mansion before the weath
er became cold enough was one of his
"eccentric freaks," as Mrs. Mayberry
called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss
of the head and smile almost of con
tempt directed at the hale, hearty,
honest-faced old gentleman, who had
married her for her pretty face, ten
years ago, when he was an immensely
rich widower with his handsome half
grown son for a not very undesirable
encumbrance.

They were sitting around the hand
some table discussing their seven
o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler
and his subordinate in silent, obsequi
ous attention—these three Mayberrys,
father, son and the haughty well
dressed lady who was wearing a de
cided frown of displeasure on her face
—a frown she had barely power to
restrain from degenerating into a ver
bal expression of anger while the serv
ants were in waiting and which as the
door finally closed on them, leaving
the little party alone over the wine
and nuts, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare Mr. Mayberry, it is too
bad! I have gone over the list of in
vitations you have made, and to think
there is not one—not one of our set
among them, and such a horrid lot
of people as you have named."

Mr. Mayberry sipped his wine con
tentedly.

"I told you didn't I, Marguerite,
that it was my intention to give an
old-fashioned dinner? And by that I
meant, and mean those to whom it
will be a cause of thankfulness. As
to making a grand fuss, and seeing
around our table only the people to
whom a luxurious dinner is only an
every day occurrence—I shall not do
it. And as to the guests on my list
being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are
mistaken, my dear. None of them
have any worse failing than poverty.
There is not a 'common' vulgar person
among the whole ten names on that
paper."

She knew from experience that kind
and indulgent as her husband was,
there were times when he suffered no

appeal from his decision, and this was
one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for
twelve o'clock, as it used to be when
I was a boy. We will have roast tur
key with cranberry sauce and mashed
potatoes and turnips, boiled onions
and celery, all on the table once. For
dessert, pie, cheese and cider and noth
ing more. Marguerite shall I give
the order to Lotton, or will you attend
to it?"

Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond
rings almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an
insane order to him! I have no wish
to appear as a laughing stock before
my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will
be as severe a strain on my endurance
as I am capable of to be forced to sit
at a table with such people as the
Huds, and the Masons, and that Thy
za Green and her lame brother, and
that little old Wilmington and his
grand-daughter, and—"

Mr. Mayberry interrupted gently:

"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend
of mine before he went to India. Since
he came home with his son's orphan
daughter he has lived in such obscu
rity—comfortable though plain, for
Winnie earns enough as daily govern
ess, to support them both cheaply—
that I regard him as more worthy
than ever—Ernest my boy, I shall de
pend upon you to help entertain our
guests, and especially at the table, for
I shall have no servants about to scare
them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the
subject.

"Would I like to go? Oh! grand
pa, I should! Will we go do you
think?"

The little wizened old man looked
fondly at her over his steel-rimmed
glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. May
berry's invitation to dinner, eh, Win
nie? You wouldn't be ashamed of
your old-fashioned grandfather, eh,
among the fine folks of the family?
Remarkably fine folks I hear, for all
I can remember when Joe was a boy
together with myself. Fine folks,
Winnie! do you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go grandpa. I
don't have many, for I think content
ed, honest labor is the honestest thing
in the world, and the best discipline,
but I do want to go, I can wear my
black cashmere, and you'll be so proud
of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no
matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go."

And thus it happened that among
the ten guests that sat down at Josiah
Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing
board that cold, blue-skied day, Win
nie Wilmington and the little, old man
were two—and two to whom Ernest
Mayberry paid more devoted atten
tion than even his father had asked
and expected.

Of course it was a grand success—
all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs.
Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that
was a failure, because no one took the
least notice of it, so much more pow
erful were the influences of Mr. May
berry's and Ernest's courteous, gentle,
manly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs.
Josiah said with what was meant to
be a withering sarcasm, after the last
guest had gone and she stood a mo
ment before the fire; "I only hope
you are satisfied—particularly with
the attention Ernest paid to that young
woman—very unnecessary attention
woman?"

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands to
gether briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes; thankful to God
I had it in my power to make them
forget their poverty for only one little
hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's
eye glisten when Ernest gave him the
second triangle pie? Bless the young
sters' hearts, they won't want any
thing to eat for a week."

"I was speaking of the young wo
man who"—Mrs. Mayberry was icily
severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing
as ever I saw. A lady-like, graceful
little girl, with eyes beautiful enough
to excuse the boy for admiring her."

"The boy! You seem to have for
gotten your son is twenty-three—old
enough to fall in love with and marry

even a poor, unknown girl, you were
quixotic enough to invite to your ta
ble."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if
he wants to marry a beggar and she
is a good, virtuous girl, why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay
was the only answer of which Mrs.
Mayberry was capable.

"Grandpa!"

"Winnie's voice was so low that
Mr. Wilmington only just heard it,
when he looked up he saw the girl's
crimson cheeks and her lovely droop
ing face.

"Yes, Winnie, you want to tell me
something?"

She went up behind him, and lean
ed her hot cheek caressingly against
his, her sweet, low voice whispering
her answer:

"Grandpa, I want to tell you some
thing. I—May—we—Ernest has ask
ed—he—wants me to—oh, grandpa,
can't you tell me what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against
his.

He reached up his hand and caress
ed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, dear. Ernest has
shown his uncommon good sense by
wanting you for his wife. So that is
what comes of that dinner, eh, Win
nie?"

"And may I tell him you are will
ing, grandpa? Because I do love
him, you know."

"And you are sure it isn't his mone
y you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the
sharp question.

"I am at least sure it isn't my mone
y he is after, grandpa," she returned
laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes; you are at least sure of that;
there, I hear the young man coming
himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself,"
Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of
deep trouble on his face as he came
up to Winnie and took her hand, then
turning to the old gentleman:

"Until an hour ago I thought this
would be the proudest, happiest hour
of my life, sir, for I should have asked
you to give me Winnie for my wife.
Instead I must be content to tell you
how dearly I love her, and how pa
tiently and hard I will work for her
to give her the home she deserves—
because, Mr. Wilmington, this morn
ing the house of Mayberry and
Thurston failed, and both families are
beggars!"

His handsome face was pale, but
his eyes were bright with a determi
nation and bravensness nothing could
daunt.

Winnie smiled upon him, her own
cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on my ac
count; I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were al
most shut beneath the heavy, frown
ing forehead, and a quizzical look was
on his shrewd old face as he listened.
"Gone up, eh! Well, that's too bad.
You stay here and tell Winnie I am
just as willing she shall be your wife
when you want her as if nothing had
happened, because I believe you can
earn bread and butter for both of you,
and Winnie is a contented girl. I'll
hobble up to the office and see your
father. He and I were boys together;
a word of sympathy won't come amiss
from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers
alone, getting over the distance in a
remarkable time and presenting his
wrinkled, weather-beaten old face in
Mayberry & Thurston's private office,
where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with
rigid face and keen, troubled eyes,
that nevertheless, lighted at the sight
of his old friend.

"I'm glad to see you, Wilmington.
Sit down. The sight of a man who
has not come to reproach me is a com
fort."

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit
down.

He crossed the room to the table at
which Mr. Mayberry sat among a help
less array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words,
Mayberry, at a time like this. Did
you know your son has asked my Win
nie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a sec
ond, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at com
mand, as I thought he had yesterday
at this time, I would say, God speed
you in your wooing of Winnie Wil
mington. As it is, for the girl's sake
I disapprove."

"So you haven't a pound over and
above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than
nothing. I don't think that I really
care so much for myself, but Ernest,
it is a terrible thing to happen to him
at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself,
but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell
you what, Mayberry, perhaps you will
wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to
settle a quarter of a million on Winnie
the day she marries your boy. And
I'll lend you as much more if it'll be
of use, and I'll start the boy for him
self, if you say so, eh?"

Mayberry looked at him in speech
less bewilderment.

Wilmington went on: "I made a
fortune out in India; and it's safe and
sound in hard cash in good hands—a
couple of millions. I determined to
bring up my girl to depend on herself,
and to learn the value of money be
fore she had the handling of her for
tune. She has no idea she's an heir
ess. Sounds like a story out of a
book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you
shake hands on it, and call it a bar
gain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried
up hand almost reverentially, his voice
hoarse with thick emotion.

"Wilmington, God will reward you
for this, maybe a thousand fold!"

Wilmington winked away a suspi
cious moisture from his eyelashes.

"You see, it all comes of that din
ner, old fellow. You acted like a
charitable Christian gentleman, and
between us we'll make the boy and
Winnie nappy as they deserve, eh?"

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits
that it was a good thing that her
husband gave that dinner, and when
she expects to see Mrs. Ernest May
berry an honored guest at her board,
she candidly feels that she owes every
atom of her splendor and luxury to
the violet-eyed, charming girl who
wears her honors with such sweet
grace.

DEAF SMITH'S DUEL.

HOW SAM. HOUSTON'S SCOUT DROPPED COL.
MORTON, OF TEXAS.

*Extraordinary Entrance into a Coun
cil Chamber of a very Remarkable
Man—His Queer Reception and its
Result—A Dead Shot.*

(From the New York Sun.)

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 12.—Of all
the famous duels recalled by the *Sun*,
perhaps none was more remarkable
than that fought near this city by Deaf
Smith and Col. Morton.

About two years after the Texas
revolution, a difficulty occurred be
tween the new government and a por
tion of the people, which threatened
serious consequences. Briefly, the
Constitution made Austin the perma
nent Capital, but empowered the Pres
ident to order the temporary removal
of the archives in case of danger from
a foreign enemy or sudden insurrec
tion. Thinking that the exceptional
emergency had arrived, as the Coman
ches were committing ravages within
sight of the Capital, President Hous
ton, who then resided at Washington,
on the Brazos, dispatched an order
commanding his subordinates to send
the State records to that town.

It is impossible to describe the ex
citement which the promulgation of
this order raised in Austin. The keep
ers of hotels, boarding-houses, grocer
ies, and fano banks were agast. The
measure would be a death-blow to
their business. A mass meeting was
called, and the farmers of the surround
ing country, who were all more or less
interested in the question, came in.
After many fiery speeches, it was unan
imously resolved to prevent the re
moval of the archives. Four hundred
armed men volunteered to guard the
State House. The commander of this
force was Colonel Morton, who had
distinguished himself in the war for
independence, and more recently in
two desperate duels, in both of which

he had cut his antagonists nearly to
pieces with the bowie-knife. Indeed,
from his reputation for vindictiveness
as well as courage, it was thought that
President Houston would renounce
his purpose as soon as he should learn
who was the leader of the opposition.
Morton swore that if the President
succeeded in removing the records, he
would himself hunt him down like a
wolf. He even wrote the hero of San
Jacinto to that effect. The latter re
plied in a note of laconic brevity:

"If the people of Austin do not
send the archives, I shall certainly
come and take them; and if Colonel
Morton can kill me he is welcome to
my ear-cap."

On reception of this answer the
guard was doubled around the State
House, chosen sentinels were stationed
along the road leading to the Capital,
armed men patrolled the streets, and
a select Committee went into perma
nent session in the City Hall.

One day this committee were sur
prised by the sudden appearance of a
stranger, whose mode of entering the
room was as extraordinary as his looks
and dress. He did not knock at the
closed door, but climbing a small bushy
topped live oak, which grew beside the
wall, he leaped through a lofty window.
He was clothed in buckskin, carried a
long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore
at the bottom of his left suspender a
large bowie knife, and had in his leath
ern belt a couple of pistols half the
length of his gun. He was tall, straight
as an arrow, active as a panther in his
motions. He had a dark complexion,
luxuriant, jetty hair, and piercing black
eyes.

"Who are you who thus presume to
intrude among gentlemen without in
vitation?" demanded Colonel Morton,
in his most ferocious manner.

The stranger returned his stare with
composure interest, and laid his long
bony finger on his lip.

"Who are you? Speak! or I'll cut
an answer out of your heart!" shout
ed Morton. The stranger removed his
finger from his lip, and laid it on the
hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery Colonel drew his own knife,
but was seized and held back. "Let
him alone, Morton, for God's sake!"
exclaimed his friends. "Do you not
see that he is crazy?"

At this moment Judge Webb, a man
of shrewd and courteous manners,
stepped forward and addressed the
intruder courteously:

"My good friend, I presume you
have made a mistake in the house.
This is a private meeting where none
but members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to com
prehend the words, but he did the
courtesy. Walking to a table in the
center of the hall he seized a pen and
traced one line, "I am deaf."

Judge Webb took the paper and
wrote a question: "Dear sir—Will
you be so obliging as to inform us
what is your business with this meet
ing?"

The stranger at once handed him a
letter, inscribed "To the Citizens of
Austin." He broke the seal and read
it aloud. It was from Houston:

"FELLOW CITIZENS: Though in error
and deceived by the arts of traitors, I
will give you three days more to decide
whether you will surrender the public
archives. At the end of that time you
will please let me know your decision."
"SAM HOUSTON."

After the reading the deaf man
waited for a few seconds, as if for a
reply, and then turned and was about
to leave the hall when Col. Morton
sternly beckoned him back to the ta
ble. The stranger obeyed, and Mor
ton wrote:

"You were brave enough to insult
me by your threatening looks ten min
utes ago; are you brave enough now
to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger penned his reply: "I
am at your service!"

Morton wrote again: "Who will be
your second?"

The stranger rejoined: "I am too
generous to seek an advantage, and
too brave to fear any on the part of
others; therefore I never need the
aid of a second."

Morton wrote: "Name your terms."

The stranger wrote, without a mo
ment's hesitation: "Time, sunset this

evening; place, the left bank of the
Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons
rifles, and distance 100 yards. Do not
fail to be in time."

He then walked across the floor and
disappeared through the window as
suddenly as he had entered.

"What," exclaimed Judge Webb, "is
it possible you intend to fight that
man, Colonel? He is a mute, if not a
maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will
sadly tarnish your laurels."

"You are mistaken," said Morton,
with a smile; "that mute is a hero
whose name stands in the records of a
dozen battles, and at least half as many
bloody duels. Besides, he is a favor
ite emissary and bosom friend of Hous
ton. If I have the good fortune to
kill him, I think it will tempt the Pres
ident to retract his vow against ven
turing any more upon the field of
honor."

"You know the man, then? Who is
he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith."

"No, that cannot be. Deaf Smith
was killed at San Jacinto," said Judge
Webb.

"There, again, your Honor is mis
taken," said Morton. "The story of
Smith's death was a mere fiction got
ten up by Houston to save the life of
his favorite from the sworn vengeance
of certain Texans, on whose conduct
he had acted as a spy. I found that
out twelve months ago."

"Then, you are a madman yourself!"
exclaimed Webb. "Deaf Smith was
never known to miss his mark."

"The thing is settled," said Morton;

"I have agreed to meet him. There
can be no disgrace in falling before
such a shot, and if I kill him it will be
the greatest feat of my life."

Toward evening a vast crowd assem
bled to witness the meeting, and so
great was the popular recklessness, as
to affairs of this sort that bets were
offered and taken on all sides upon the
result. At sunset the two men arriv
ed, with long, heavy rifles, took their
places, back to back, and at a signal
walked slowly and steadily off in op
posite directions, counting their steps
until each had measured fifty. They
both completed the given number
about the same instant, and wheeled
around. As the distance was great,
both paused for some seconds. The
face of Colonel Morton was calm and
smiling. The face of Deaf Smith was
as stern and impassive as ever. The
Colonel was in broadcloth, the scout

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

FEMALE TEACHERS.

MR. EDITOR:—To the writer it is surprising that the relative merits of male and female teachers in the deaf and dumb institutions of the country are never discussed in the *Annals* and other journals of education. Is it because the disparity is too plain to need any comment? Or is it because of the courtesies extended to the weaker sex that an attack on them is beneath the dignity of the opposite sex?

In view of the great responsibility of the profession, it is but just that they should receive an honorable and impartial criticism, irrespective of any deference paid them. They are in the profession side by side with the males, and equal results are expected from them.

Knowingly harboring an improper element in the profession, is, in view of its lasting evils through life, too palpable an evil to be concealed. The peculiarity of the system of instruction seems to call for the highest talent, and it is well settled that the profession receives the strongest impulses from the masculine element. The will and inventive genius of men are stronger and more active than the passive and impetuous mind of woman. The fire of literature and far-reaching penetration that glow in the eyes of the talented teacher call forth the respectful attention and co-operative enthusiasm of the young and aspiring minds, and the reputation and influence that he wields outside the school command their admiration and esteem.

An automatic doll may cause a stir in the school-room, but its expressionless face soon reveals the lack of brains behind it. So, too, with female teachers who possess no collegiate education. They have no higher ambition in life than to get married, and find the free exercise of their sphere within the bounds of a home. Consequently, while employed in the school-room, with wages sufficient for clothing, their minds are naturally off their work, and the duties become mechanical and irksome. The result is listlessness and inattention on the part of the class.

They neither know nor experience the business side of life, and are thus unfitted to mould, by their bearing and discourse, the minds and aspirations of the rising generation. The young intellect naturally inclines to the more stable and trust-worthy standard.

But it is claimed that woman, by her pure and ennobling nature, yields the greater influence. Yes, but it is high time that a ten or fifteen-year old boy should leave his babyhood at home. "Age is short and time is fleeting." The years of his life are, by reason of his misfortune, few and precious compared with his hearing and speaking fellows.

The female element lowers the dignity of the profession. An institution is a school of learning, and not an asylum, where they sleep and eat. The edifice is an expressive and imposing structure, and part and parcel of the public domain, and under the supervision of dignitaries, and, as the corps of teachers is the most important part of the whole concern, the employment of women, is not in keeping with its reputation, but lowers it into a first-class boarding-house for young ladies and supernumerated maids.

The only real excuse for the female element, now so extensively employed in the profession, is the fact that they can be hired for less pay than the males—which is no evidence at all of their superiority. If they were burdened with the same cares and duties of a family that a man is they would not, and could not, accept the mere songs they now receive. If they demanded the same salaries paid to the men, the latter would receive the preference as an alternative, thus scouting the idea of their superior qualities.

The almighty dollar rules, instead of merit, and the intellectual and moral standard of the mute is lowered thereby. Again, great responsibility rests with the principal as regards his attitude with the Board of Trustees. If he loves his salary more than his work he will yield to the encroachments of men who are ignorant of their duties and need to be instructed and boldly resisted.

Constant changes in an institution, unsettle its authority and dignity more than anything else, and especially so when it is confined to the department of instruction. Such changes will be most prominent in the female element.

A female teacher, by reason of her natural relation in life, is the imper-

sonation of no authority in an institution, and the fact of her presence furnishes a pretext for all manner of insubordination. Her constant calls on the principal, in cases of discipline, detracts from her own influence and courts deception and invasion.

Physically constituted, woman is the emblem of weakness and dependence, and man that of strength, endurance and independence; and, as the peculiarity of the *modus operandi* produces great strain upon the nervous system, the former cannot endure the work to any lasting, available results.

In investigating this evil we find that its origin is an unhappy one. The responsibility lies at the door of our law-makers, who are ignorant of the true theory of education, and who, under a false notion of economy, twist the appropriations to mere nothingness. X.

A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER VISITS THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

"MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I wish you knew how much I have enjoyed my visit to this noble institution. I do not desire to leave here this morning without writing you a letter about this place and institution.

Last Wednesday afternoon I bade good-bye to beautiful Charlotte, N. C., and got off at Spartanburg Court House, four miles from this institution, after a very rapid ride on the Charlotte and Atlanta Air Line Railroad. The cars run like lightning, and are as well equipped as the best at the North.

We passed in full sight of King's Mountain, where there was a battle between the Americans, under Davidson, Alexander and others, and the British, under Col. Ferguson, in 1778, or '79. The Colonel was killed in the battle, and buried on the spot. A monument has been erected over the spot. How long it has been standing there is unknown to me. Crowder's Mountain, near King's, is the actual place of the fight. Lord Cornwallis called it the Hornet's Nest.

We next passed within three miles of Cowper's Battle Field which is now grown with pine trees.

On my arrival at Spartanburg Court House I met a buggy, which had been sent to take me to the institution. On reaching this institution I was very warmly welcomed by Mrs. Walker, in the name of her husband, the principal, whose business, of vital importance to this institution, had called him to Columbia, S. C., the day before. Afterwards Mrs. Walker handed me a note from Mr. Walker, in which he said: "I have directed that you be received and entertained as the guest of the institution by its officers."

I soon became acquainted with Prof. I. M. Hughston, a deaf-mute teacher, and all the other officers. I have enjoyed their nice company so much that I wish I could remain with them longer, but I must now go to my duties. They say they would be glad to have had me remain with them longer. They have been very kind to me. They are all pure natives of South Carolina.

Mr. Walker, the principal, returned here from Columbia last Thursday, and told me that he was glad to meet me and welcome me to this institution. I have had a very pleasant home here for about five days, during which time I have often visited all the classes, and found them intelligent.

I had the great pleasure of seeing my old fellow pupil, Robert P. Rogers, formerly of Maine, whom I had not seen for forty-two years. He told me that I looked so much changed that he could not have recognized me any where. He is still doing well; that is he still drives an honest peg. He has a fine family of five children, two sons and three daughters. He owns a farm of one hundred acres, which enables him to support himself and family comfortably. I have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Rogers, formerly Miss Sarah Holmes, a graduate of the American Asylum.

Many of your readers have heard of the death, by the cars, of Mr. Springs, a graduate of the American Asylum. I am very sorry not to see him here, because I had not seen him since 1834. Yesterday I called upon Mrs. Springs, formerly Miss Milhinch, of New York, and she seemed resigned to the will of God.

This institution is pleasantly situated on a hill, surrounded by oaks and pines.

Mr. Walker's father, Rev. N. P. Walker, was the founder of this institution, but sold it to the State, which supports it. He said, on his death bed, that he desired to be buried a few rods from this institution, to watch over it. His widow is matron of this institution. The principal is a very nice man, and

is well qualified for its management. This institution has been more unfortunate than any other institution in the United States, because its operations have been three or four times suspended by the civil war; but it is now just beginning to flourish.

I go to Columbia, S. C., this morning, and thence to Charleston, S. C. Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.
Cedar Springs, S. C., March 18, '78.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The base ball season was opened on the 9th inst., by a match game between the Kendalls and the Eagles of this city, in which the former won by a score of 15 to 7. This game, the first of the season, was witnessed by quite a large crowd, whose curiosity was attracted hither by the rumored strength of our club. It must be understood that when the Kendall Base Ball Club is mentioned, the first nine, with a few substitutes, is only meant; the second nine has separated itself from the club and adopted another name—that of the Gallaudet Base Ball Club. So there are two rival nines in the college, each having nothing in common, except the reputation of the college at heart, and a determination of the one to beat the other by an overwhelming score. The Kendall Base Ball Club, being an older organization, has the choice of the best players on the grounds, and as a matter of course, one would think they could easily enough keep the other nine down, but only last week the Gallaudets beat them by a score of 16 to 12. This defeat at the hands of an inferior nine had the effect of arousing the war spirit of the Kendalls, who retrieved their disgrace the next day by the heavy score of 26 to 1. It was agreed on all hands that the old nine never played better, never made fewer errors and exhibited so much brilliant fielding. The Gallaudets were put on their mettle, but they got out in quick succession. In one inning they were sent to the field without having scored one run, by a splendid exercise of triple play on the part of the Kendalls. This victory of the Kendalls was nothing more than what was expected from their superior prowess and experience over the other nine, but I cannot help remarking that they must be hard up for victories, if they crowded so loudly over such a one, as they did, in writing an account of their absurd triumph to several deaf-mute papers, declaring this was one of the best games ever played on the college grounds—a game in which the odds were greatly in their favor, and in which, as every one can see at a glance, the score was very large. How absurd to be pluming themselves over so easily won a victory!

At the semi-annual meeting of the Kendall Base Ball Club, held on the 9th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, D. A. Simpson, '78; Vice-President, J. F. Donnelly, '83; Secretary, Robert King; Treasurer, F. W. Bigelow; Field Officers, D. A. Simpson, Manager; Acting Captain, A. D. Bryant; Scorer, J. I. Sanson, '80.

The list of players are as follows: Bryant, P.; King, C.; Griffin, 1st Base; Kelly, L. F.; Leigler, C. F.; Bigelow, R. F.; Carter, S. S.; Connolly, 3d Base; Donnelly 2d Base.

The list of the officers of the Gallaudet Base Ball Club, the rising star in the base ball firmament, is given below: President, F. R. Gray, '78; Vice-President, Lars Larson, '82; Secretary, Koehler, '83; Treasurer, J. J. Murphy; Acting Captain, Lester Goodman, '80. For our manager we have the veteran base ballist, Mr. Seymour, whose sage experience in such matters is worth having.

That troublesome but healthy disease, spring fever, has come upon us, as you may have guessed from a perusal of the above, but we will have but little opportunity for indulging our animal spirits for two weeks yet, as the examinations are to come off on the 27th, 28th and 29th of this month. We will take up our books again, immediately, after these dreaded days are over, and resume our studies until the Easter week, when we shall have a short period of rest.

Last week Friday the students were regaled with an intellectual treat in the shape of a lecture from Prof. Fay, who possesses the happy faculty of making whatever subject he deals with interesting and attractive. He drew a full house. Louis the Fourteenth was the topic chosen, and, as the lecturer went from point to point in his history, describing his inner life, manners and morals, the delusive glory of the Sun King, as he was styled by his dazzled subjects, grew

dim and faded from our eyes. When we arrived at that part of his domestic history, in which all his silly customs and ceremonies,—which would be more honored in the breach than in the observance—were exposed to our view, every young America of us felt only contempt for the false glitter of divinity that hedged the king. This king derived most of his spurious fame from the brilliant coterie of authors, statesmen, poets and preachers, of world-wide fame, such as La Fontaine, Colbert, Corneille, Racine and Bossuet, that clustered around his court. As a funny thing, Prof. Fay related that the people, deceived by the enchantment of distance with which he took care to surround himself, believed he was a great deal taller than he really was, and when, during the first revolution, his tomb was broken into, his height was found to be only 5 ft. 9 inches. So much are we misled by our imagination.

On the first of this month the question discussed before the literary society was upon the respective claims of Oliver Cromwell and Peter the Great, to the title of the greatest benefactor of mankind. To the stern puritan was adjudged the palm over the despot, though generous, monarch of Russia. Again, on the 15th, the question was: "Ought the reading of the Bible in the common schools to be permitted?" The negative side won. The best and most interesting part of the exercises was a declamation by A. F. Wood, '82. The subject was, "Uncle Sam's a hundred," and was rendered wholly in signs. The declamation was the finest we have ever seen, with perhaps a few notable exceptions. We were so much carried away by Mr. Wood's poetry of motion that we half rose to our feet, and made the hall ring with cheer after cheer, at the end of each stanza. It is proposed to invite a number of friends to the next meeting of the society to see Mr. Wood's declamation.

A certain student, from a distant State, having a smattering knowledge of four languages, came for admission to our college, last fall. He knew a little French:

"Besides it is known, he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficult,
Than to a blackbird it is to whistle."

Yet, with all this extensive store of learning, he narrowly escaped being put in the lower preparatory class. He was put in the next lowest.

A sort of partnership seems to have been formed between two Preps, one of whom is an unmathematical student, while the other understands mathematics better than he does the English language. When there is a difficult problem to be solved the unmathematical student explains the language to his more practical classmates, and it is solved by their joint efforts.

We have been receiving visitors quite frequently of late. Among the latest was Mr. Livingston, that rolling stone that is now in one place and then another. Mr. Lentz, of Philadelphia, came to pay his *alma mater* a visit. Mr. Forlesene, also a former student, took this college in his wedding tour, having been recently married to a young deaf-mute lady, in the city of brotherly love.

To-day the Kendalls played another game with the Eagle B. B. C., with the following result:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | T |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kendalls | 0 | 0 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 |
| Eagles | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 |

Base hits, Kendalls, 5, Eagles, 4; struck at and missed, Kendalls, 21, Eagles, 15; struck out, Kendalls, 11, Eagles, 4; out on fouls, Kendalls, 2, Eagles, 1; double play, Donnelly, of the Kendalls.

STUDENT.

A Deaf-Mute Meeting in Lawrence, Mass.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I must inform you of a very interesting service we had here, explained in signs for the benefit of the deaf-mutes in this city, by Prof. Packard, of Salem, it being the first time that gentleman had made his appearance here for the purpose of instructing our unfortunate people, and it was very interesting. The service was held at the residence of Mr. A. H. Finnimore. There were ten deaf-mutes present, and all, that I know, felt that it was good to be there as we could tell by each other's faces, and I know the professor was no less glad to talk to us of that Lord and King. It was a very affectionate service. He preached in the forenoon from 1st John, 1st chapter, verses 8 to 10. His text was from Proverbs 28, verse 13. "He that covers his sin shall not prosper, but whosoever confesses shall have mercy," which is a great promise for us wicked mortals. In the afternoon he preached from St. John, 14th chapter, verses 1 to 14—subject, "The heavenly home," all of which was beau-

tifully explained. I would like to tell all the professor said, but suffice it to say that we were highly delighted, and his service was of the most affecting character to turn sinners from the error of their ways, and to do that which is lawful and right. What made us feel more thankful, the weather was the finest of this time of year; it was as balmy as May. Those who wore heavy clothes found them a burden to them.

Just as I am writing two deaf-mute friends came in with the sad intelligence of the death of a dear deaf-mute friend, whom I esteemed very much. His name was Eugene Reardon, of Haverill, Mass., aged 34 years. He was raised and educated in Ireland. He died on Saturday, the 16th inst., at 2 p. m., and will be buried here on Monday, the 18th.

On seeing an account of your new departure for the benefit of your subscribers and the JOURNAL, I hereby enclose \$1.50, and promise to pay the same sum every year. I persuaded some of my deaf-mute friends here to do the same. Three of them promise to subscribe for the JOURNAL, in the course of a few weeks. Should you succeed in obtaining 300 new ones you will please send a certificate of membership; but if not successful, why, I shall continue to take your valuable paper as long as I live.

Yours truly,
JOHN TAYLOR.
No. 23 Oxford street, Lawrence, Mass.

NO ELECTORAL COMMISSION.

AN ELECTION WITHOUT FOR BRADLEY'S VOTE.

On the 7th of March the annual election of officers of the well-known Manhattan Literary Association took place. The society has the largest number of male members of any association in the State (save those at the institutions.) The roll to-day shows an increase of 42 members, and a good number of honorary members. The applications for membership are on the table at this time of writing. Sooner or later there will be at least 75 male members. The present number is said to be the largest the association has ever had. Messrs. M. Heyman, J. Witschief, J. Donnelly, J. Clarke, J. Carlin, Wm. Fitzgerald, Dr. Gallaudet and many others believe the present condition and management is the finest (with a few former exceptions) the association has ever attained.

On the 7th there were 36 of the whole number present. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, Mr. W. A. Bond explained how the election should be conducted, and President Campbell appointed Messrs. F. Stratton, M. Heyman and D. Ballin, three highly respected mutes, as tellers. The election for President then proceeded, with 6 candidates, and the result was as follows:

W. O. Fitzgerald, 18; Louis Loewenstein, 1; James McCune, 11; Klingman, 4; F. Campbell, 1; James S. Wells, 1.

For 1st Vice-President there were 10 candidates on the blackboard, and the result was: S. Schloss, 12; Klingman, 4; A. Patterson, 1; J. Witschief, 1; James Wells, 3; T. I. Godfrey, 1; Louis Loewenstein, 2; George Burrucker, 1; Albert Guggenheimer, 5; James McCune, 6.

For 2d Vice-President there were, also, 10 candidates. The result was: Leopold Loewenstein, 14; A. Guggenheimer, 2; J. H. Diamond, 3; A. Patterson, 4; C. Haar, 1; J. Heinzman, 1; F. Klingman, 3; R. Rusk, 2; F. T. Brown, 1; Louis Loewenstein, 4.

The name of W. A. Bond was put on the black board for Secretary, but Messrs. T. I. Godfrey and J. Witschief, at the same time, moved that Bond be elected by acclamation. This was carried amid applause.

Then the election to the office of a treasurer came up, and there were 4 candidates, and the result was as follows: T. A. Froehlich, 21; James S. Wells, 11; J. H. Diamond, 1; T. I. Godfrey, 1; scattering, 2.

The most interesting of all was the race for the dignified title of "Sergeant-at-arms." There were 14 braves in line. The badge, number, initials, shot gun, derringer, baton, (2 feet long) coat, pants and spurs which are in possession of the present sergeant-at-arms, T. I. Godfrey, were looked for eagerly and the result of the fight for these was as follows: James McCune, 14; J. H. Diamond, 9; J. Heinzman, 5; R. Rusk, 7; J. Clarke, 1. Messrs. G. Burrucker, James Hogan, F. Schmidt, J. Horan, A. Collins, E. Basch, G. Witschief, J. E. M. Coffin and A. Ballin were in the line, but received no votes.

The election being over Mr. Stratton declared that Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald had received 18 votes for President, and asked him if he would accept the office. Fitzgerald replied in the affirmative. Next came Mr. Schloss for 1st

Vice-President and he accepted. "Leo. Loewenstein, for 2d Vice-President, accepted; Bond, when asked, said he would accept, and he, therefore, enters upon his third term next May. Froehlich, for Treasurer, accepted and James McCune, who is known in New York as "Old Tar," accepted the dignified office, and our present sergeant-at-arms will see that his armor is cleaned and brightened, spurs sharpened and weapons ready for use before he turns them over to the sergeant-at-arms elect.

A few remarks from the new officers were made, and they will be installed next May. POLITICIAN.

An Interesting Letter from Pittsburg.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 19, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Pittsburg is well known as the "Smoke City." Smoke is constantly ascending and spreading over it; soot falls on everything as if it snowed.

Visitors should take a car on the Mt. Washington Railway, and be swiftly conveyed to the summit of the lofty and precipitous hills about 300 feet high, which stretch along the side of the Monongahela. In looking over the cities of Birmingham, Pittsburgh, and Alleghany, which have over 200,000 inhabitants, and are surrounded by the hills, seminaries, academies, hospitals and public buildings are dimly seen in all directions. At night bright flames are seen from the tall chimneys of the rolling mills, foundries, &c., that are along the banks of the rivers; the rows of gas lights which line either side of many streets and thoroughfares, and the illumination of its hundreds of buildings all present to the looker on a novel and beautiful sight.

There are over seventy mutes in these cities. Most of them were educated in the Pennsylvania Institution. Some attend school at Turtle Creek, about 13 miles from the city. It is called the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. There are about sixty pupils, who are progressing well. Prof. J. H. Logan, a graduate of the deaf-mute college, is the acting principal. He has one gentleman and three lady assistants. The gentleman is a graduate of the deaf-mute college, and the ladies are graduates of the normal department of the Pittsburgh Central High School. The majority of the mutes are married to speaking persons. On the 3d of Feb. last Rev. Mr. Mann held a service for the mutes in the chapel of Trinity Church, on Sixth avenue. He has preached to them three times here. He will be here again on the 24th of this month, and May 5th. Last February a very few mutes attended it, as most of them would rather go to the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Rev. A. M. Milligan, where they attend every Sunday. About 15 mutes are members of this church. Rev. Mr. Milligan's sermons are interpreted by Miss Sarah Woodside. She is a very good interpreter and talks to them, as Mr. Milligan preaches, earnestly and well. She has five deaf-mute brothers, two of whom are married. They all have speaking children.

There are six mutes living in Brad-focksfield, 10 miles from this city. Four of them work at the steel works; another is a shoemaker. One of them has a deaf-mute wife, who keeps two deaf-mute boarders. They seem to enjoy living there. Mr. J. H. McMechen, a deaf-mute canvasser, has been here for about two months, but has now gone home.

I was much pleased to hear the news from New England, in your paper, written by Mr. Daniel Cary and Rev. Mr. Turner. The former was my schoolmate at the American Asylum, and my room mate at the deaf-mute college. Yours truly,
McM.

GENEVA NEWS.

GENEVA, N. Y., March 23, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—A surprise party consisting of some deaf-mutes and speaking persons, planned by Mrs. Jessie Krebs, was held at the residence of Mrs. Col. J. H. Tuttle, the mother of the promising mute artist, in honor of Mrs. Marion F. Tuttle's thirty-seventh birthday and Mrs. Col. Tuttle's sixtieth birthday, on the evening of 19th inst. The party carried their bountiful refreshments, &c., to the residence of Mrs. Col. Tuttle. When they went into the house Mrs. Col. Tuttle and Mrs. M. Tuttle were very much surprised to see the party and their big baskets. I suppose that they were a little perplexed; but they knew immediately that their birthdays had come on the same day. A bouquet of beautiful flowers was presented to Mrs. M. F. Tuttle, by Mr. Nehemiah Denton. At the conclusion of toasts all repaired to the parlors, where they played checkers and dominoes, and had other amusements. At 9 o'clock

one of the deaf-mute ladies was masked and arrayed in an old calico dress and old shawl, as an old "Grandmother." She begged one of the mute gentlemen to give some money to her, but he replied that he had no penny in his pocket and that he was a tramp. She wept bitterly and her eyes were cast on the floor. This act was remarkably well done and excited laughter. It was after eleven o'clock when they went home, and the occasion was very enjoyable to all who were present. All of the deaf-mutes of Geneva are in good spirits. Mrs. Louise Gormly, (formerly Miss Louise Denton,) is going to live in Rochester. We shall miss her very much. A. C. G.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 29, 1878.
Congress gladdened the hearts of many needy ones by the passage of the act granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 and their widows. This act embraces officers, enlisted or drafted men, in the military or naval service, who served fourteen days or were in any engagement and honorably discharged. Pensions may be paid to the surviving widows of all such persons, provided that it shall cease when they marry again. The act also provides for the reinstatement upon the rolls of all persons who served in the war of 1812, or any of the Indian wars, whose names were stricken from such rolls because of their participation in the rebellion. The surviving widows of all such persons are entitled to pensions under the act.

The Burchard Savings bill seems to meet with great favor, and the Senate has passed Wallace's bill for a long bond for the investment of savings. These bills look to the same end—a convenient and safe investment of the small savings of the people of the United States, in Government securities. The question of relieving the publishers of newspapers from the bewildering and onerous tax under the present law, is now occupying the attention of the Post-Office committee, and the unjust discrimination in previous acts is likely to be wiped out.

Commissioner LeDuc finds great difficulty in satisfying the public that he has a fitness for the place he is trying to fill in the Agricultural Department. His schemes for raising tea, dates, figs, &c., are accepted by the press with all sorts of suggestions for adding to the products of our country. One paper advises the planting of large areas to chewing gum. Another wants the Dismal Swamp purchased and utilized for the production of bon-bons, and advises the commissioner to purchase from abroad a supply of the best bon-bon seed. Yet, another points out that while common dates may be well enough, our soil and institutions are better adapted to the growth of candy dates. Again the enquiry is raised whether our Le Duc is any relation to "Le Petit Duc," the great hit of the Paris comic opera season.

A suit is in progress at Alexandria, Va., brought by a son of Robert E. Lee, against the United States, to recover the Arlington estate, which was bought in by the government during the rebellion, under a direct tax sale. Think of it; 16,000 braves lie there entombed—men who dared to die, and over the entrance to this city of the dead, the passing stranger reads: "On fame's eternal camping grounds their silent tents are spread, and glory guards the sacred round the Bivouac of the dead."

Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks, the butter-sculptor of the Centennial, is in town seeking to "bust" Congressmen in the same oleaginous material, and selling photographs of her most celebrated pieces, with a view to obtaining funds to enable her to work in more enduring marble. This lady is a genius in her way, as every one who saw her "Dreaming Iolanthe" can testify. The tools used in modeling that beautiful face—expressing the patient serenity of the blind—were common butter-paddles, cedar sticks, broom-straws and camels' hair pencils. Years ago she removed with her husband from a large circle of cultivated friends in an eastern city to the then almost wilderness of Arkansas. Here was the monotonous existence of a farmer's wife, and she soon found that her happiness depended upon contriving something to relieve the tedious monotony of lonely hours. Being a butter-maker, she amused herself in shaping artistic rolls for market, and gradually the rest followed. Her first attempts were confined to shells, fish, fruits, flowers, &c.

The evidences of returning confidence begin to be manifest everywhere; gold at nearly par, governments strong and advancing with no danger of inflation or pinching contraction of the currency. The people have it in their hands to make this a most prosperous business year. SRO.

THE REWARD THAT SUPERINTENDENT PAY GETS.

The Ohio Legislature of 1878 is notorious for its short-sightedness—strained at a goat and swallowed a camel, or to use a vulgar translation “strained at a gate and swallowed a saw-mill.” With the avowed intention of reorganizing certain State institutions, it has fixed its clutches on the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in a manner that involves the removal of its Superintendent, Prof. G. O. Fay, to whose excellent management is, in a large measure, due the present flourishing condition of that great and well-known institution. The prospective removal of Professor Fay is the probable reward which he seems likely to receive for his many years of unceasing care, toil and anxiety, at the unusually low compensation of \$1,200 a year, while he has been exerting himself without stint to bring the management of the institution to its present status, almost akin to perfection, at the lowest possible expense to the State consistent with the health and comfort of his scholars. This is the way in which the Ohio Legislature remembers and rewards one of the greatest benefactors of the State. The gods deliver us from the rewards of such parsimonious folly. The present per capita expense of maintaining the pupils of the institution is only \$196—much lower than that of any other deaf-mute school in the land—yet the legislature, not content to let well enough alone, inaugurates a plan of still farther reducing the expenses of the institution by diminishing the comforts of the inmates, under the pretext of effecting a saving to the State. Apparently they would prefer to let the institution sink into oblivion rather than appropriate a reasonable amount for its maintenance. The friends of Prof. Fay are cheered by the consoling thought that there are several positions open for him where his labor would be duly appreciated.

Interesting to Our Subscribers.

Elsewhere in our paper we publish a “new departure,” to which we invite the special attention of our readers. In plain terms we have inaugurated a sort of mutual aid plan for the benefit of our subscribers and the Journal, conjointly. In order to increase our circulation, we make this proposition stated in another part of our paper, and, provided not less than three hundred new subscribers are obtained on the mutual benefit plan, we shall make it valid, and bind ourselves to perform our part of the contract to the very letter of the proposition; but should, however, there be a failure to procure the requisite three hundred new names (and we don't object to more than that number on the same plan), of course the offer will, at the end of the first year, be null and void, and the offer will be discontinued. But we think, if our friends put forth their efforts, there can be no failure to get the number of names desired, as we intend to not only keep the Journal up to its present standard, but to make it better each succeeding year as a national organ for the deaf and dumb; and, having got the plan well established, we design to keep up the same offer for an indefinite number of years. We freely admit that we make the offer in the interest of our paper, but it will be plainly seen that the proposition is not only a good one for the Journal, but a better one for our subscribers, and it is made with a hope that our subscription will be largely augmented, not only during the year from April 1st, 1878, to April 1st, 1879, but also for many succeeding years. It will be an easy task for our readers to draw the conclusion that with our subscriptions numbering 1,000 there will be a fund amounting to \$250 from which to draw for the benefit of the families or other friends of deceased subscribers. So, also, if we shall raise our subscriptions to 5,000 there will be a fund of \$1,250, and if to 10,000 there will be one of \$2,500, and in the same ratio for any number of subscribers. Should we get the three hundred subscribers, or any larger number, thus assuring the plan, on and after April 1st, 1879, we shall be prepared, in case of deaths among our subscribers, to comply with our part of the contract, in paying the stipulated amount to the heirs or legal representatives of deceased subscribers; and our readers are hereby notified that, should the proposed plan be assured by the procuring of the number of new subscribers before named, the heirs or legal representatives of old subscribers will be entitled to the same benefit as those of new subscribers. It will, therefore, be perceived that old subscribers, as well as others will find it to their interest to do all in their power to help increase the circulation of our paper. There is no humbuggery in this matter. It is simply a bargain, in plain terms, the consummation of which is as advantageous to our subscribers as to ourselves, and the terms are so explicit that even a child cannot be mistaken as to their meaning. It is confidently hoped, and may be reasonably expected that all interested in the well-being of the Journal will do all they can to accomplish the above-named results.

OUR BURLISQUE LEGISLATURE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ASYLUM.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

COLUMBUS, March 16.—The last day of the week is at hand, and a retrospection of the business of the past week reveals nothing but the result of Evangeline's search—a tombstone: a tombstone in memory of decency and discretion in the Legislature, and the prosperous existence of our State's boasted benevolent institutions. The fanatical frenzy for reorganizing these institutions for no other purpose in the world than to place in the hands of the tools of the Democracy the salaries of men whose only disqualification lies in having been the creatures of the Republican party, broke out again this morning at the third reading of a bill for the reorganization of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. As a rule, the selection of the men who now have charge of these institutions has been a matter of the gravest importance, competence, rather than political complexion, being the requisite qualification. The Democracy will commit a mistake not easily rectified when they remove Gilbert O. Fay, for nearly twenty years Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He is acknowledged as the most successful manager of institutions of this kind, and has furnished nearly all the States with Superintendents for their Institutions, none of whom but what receive a larger salary than does he. He receives now the same salary as was allowed when he first took charge of the institution, \$1,200. New York pays her Superintendent \$6,000, Indiana and Illinois \$2,000, and other States pay proportionate salaries.

Our Institution has 440 pupils, with twenty-four teachers, a majority of whom are nutes, which, with the probable exception of New York, is the largest number of pupils in any other institution for nutes.

As regards the expense of maintaining this institution none other in the country can compare with it. Its 440 nutes are maintained at a cost to the State of \$196 per capita, while the nearest approach to these figures are found in Indiana—\$230—and Illinois—\$296—the Superintendents of both being pupils of Mr. Fay.

As regards the sanitary system, which was so successfully perfected by Mr. Fay, it is only sufficient to state that with an average of 400 children and youth living together in one building, there have been but two deaths in five years. The usual amount of contagious diseases have, of course, struck this institution, and it is difficult to realize the completeness of the system that has prevented their usual fatal effect among so large a number of children as here live and associate so closely together.

Abundantly too mild a term to use in speaking of the idea of turning such a man out of a place where he is regarded as a veritable father by more than 400 children, and which he has practically demonstrated by years of pre-eminently successful management the fact of his being the right man in the right place. He is in great demand in other States, and he has standing offers of five times the amount of salary he receives here, and it is only the fact of his having lived in the institution so long, having raised his children in it, and being personally acquainted with every one of the pupils, that he looks upon it as his home, and being decidedly a home-loving man he does not consider the increase of salary as being sufficient to recompense him for losing a home.

The education of the nutes is an art which can only be acquired by a life-time of study. Mr. Fay has an inviolable rule that any one desiring to become an instructor of nutes shall first serve a sort of apprenticeship for a term of five years before they are given a certificate as being a qualified teacher, and he says that he is frequently compelled to withhold such certificates even then. It will be a dangerous experiment and a severe calamity to the poor unfortunate beings that are bereft of the God-given sense of hearing, to allow a purely partisan fanaticism to remove Gilbert O. Fay from the Institution for the nutes of Ohio. It is needless to add that the bill for reorganization passed.

ENVELOPES CHEAP!

A good envelope with return request
PRINTED
in corner for
\$2.50 PER THOUSAND
—at the—
JOURNAL OFFICE.

—We have a fine line of bill-boards and business cards, which we shall be happy to print for customers at very low prices.

THE DUMB MAN.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE INMATES OF THE CHARLESTOWN STATE PRISON.

BOSTON, Feb. 26.—To-day there appeared before the Governor's Council what Warden Chamberlain of the Charlestown State prison regards as the most remarkable case in his experience. The “dumb man” was examined in reference to a petition for a pardon that his friends have presented.

“We saw him for a minute or two last week,” said Mr. Haynes of the Governor's Council to the *Sun* correspondent, “and the brief interview haunted me the rest of the day. We had taken up the papers of Michael O'Donnell, sentenced for the murder of a little girl. He had served ten years. We asked the warden to bring O'Donnell in. Soon after a tall man in prison dress walked in, and his appearance and manner were so strange that none of us could speak for a few minutes. We sat and looked at the man in amazement. His hair was perfectly white and soft, but there was a fixed expression on the face that was terrible. He looked like a man struck dumb with terror—like a sleep-walker. There was absolutely no expression whatever on his face except that of fear. He walked like an automaton. We put a few questions to him, and he simply answered yes or no, without the change of a muscle. The sight was so painful that we sent him away, and then asked the warden about him. It seems that he was a well-to-do Irishman who lived in a town near by, and had a small piece of land. In his garden he raised vegetables and was troubled by thieves. One night he heard some one in the garden, and as he then said—for he has never spoken since of it—he fired at random into the garden to frighten the thieves away. It was so dark he could see nothing. Then he went back to his house. The next morning the body of a girl about 15 years of age was found in the garden. The charge that O'Donnell had fired killed her. He was tried, convicted, and after his sentence for life he acted like a man from whom every emotion of feeling had gone. The vacant expression came into his face, his hair turned white, and for ten years his manner has been unchanged. He does the work that he is told to like a machine, and obeys the prison regulations, but he never speaks except to answer yes or no. He is known in the prison as the dumb man. The petition for his pardon does not come from him; he did not know it until summoned before the Council, and even when informed that his chances for pardon were deemed good, his manner did not change.

It appears that a strong point made by the prosecution when he was convicted was that he saw the girl, knew who she was, and maliciously shot her; but it has lately been learned that he did not know her. It was All Hallows' even, and there is a superstition that if a virgin places a cabbage over her door upon that night, she will marry him who first passes under the threshold. The girl went to O'Donnell's garden to get the cabbage for that purpose, had never been there before, as was alleged at the trial, as showing O'Donnell's malice, and was shot. These facts have been satisfactorily proved to the Council, and Mr. Haynes says there is no doubt but that O'Donnell's pardon will be voted.

A WAY TO HELP THE “HOME.”
The plan which we have, in connection with “Our Subscribers' Mutual Auxiliary,” is this: When the time arrives when we realize a comfortable compensation for our time and trouble, if there is a year without any death occurring among our subscribers, the money which would otherwise be paid to the legal heirs or assigns of a deceased subscriber, or subscribers, will be devoted to the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. We intend to make our paper a means of good for all interested in it. The auxiliary plan, we think, is original with us. With us it is purely disinterested—one in which our subscribers should be more interested than we, and if they will put their shoulders to the wheel there is no reason why the scheme may not be brought to a successful issue. It seems possible, with the combined efforts of our friends all over the land, to make the circulation of the Journal in a few years, attain to 50,000. In that case, should a single death occur each year, there would be a legacy of \$12,500, and if there should be five deaths in a single year the heirs or assigns of each of the deceased subscribers would receive the sum of \$2,500. We respectfully invite the attention of our readers to these facts, feeling that it will be highly advantageous to them to use all reasonable efforts to help increase our circulation. You have nothing to lose, even if the effort proves abortive, while, if it is successful, you are certainly great gainers. During this year we shall closely watch for the effects of our offer, which we have reason to hope will meet with very satisfactory results.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—There was a \$500,000 fire at Panama on the 6th inst.

—Germany published in 1876, 13,356 new works, and in 1877, 13,925.

—Miss Ada Sweet has been nominated for pension agent at Chicago.

—The foreign committee of the Episcopal Church wants \$140,000 for this year's work.

—Hon. John E. Leonard, congressman from Louisiana, died of yellow fever, in Havana, March 15.

—Richard Little, of Ogdensburg, is 94 years old. His father lived to be 110 and his mother reached 94 years.

—There are now complaints of depression in trade in Brussels, which seems hitherto to have escaped the epidemic.

—Barret, Landis & Co., extensive pork packers, of Shelbyville, Tenn., have failed. Liabilities \$80,000; assets, \$35,000.

—Rev. John Baer died in Baltimore on the 11th inst., in his 84th year. He was the oldest Methodist minister in the State of Maryland.

—Rigid retrenchment is the order of the day in Japan, which sets an excellent example in carefully pruning overgrown official salaries.

—The New York cigar-makers have determined to strike again; not *en masse*, but one shop at a time, and stand out till the employers come to time—which may be never.

—General Grant entertained the King of Greece, on the 13th inst., at luncheon on board the United States steamer *Vandalia*, at Athens.

—Ex-Governor McCormick, the United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, sailed on the 20th inst., in the steamer *France*, for Paris.

—Furness, Ash & Co., dry goods and auction commission merchants, of Philadelphia, have failed, with liabilities of from \$100,000 to \$150,000.

—Rev. A. A. Reese, D. D., Post Chaplain in the United States Army, died suddenly in Baltimore on the 7th inst. He belonged to the Methodist Church.

—The typhus fever at St. Petersburg is alarming. Many families are leaving the city. The number of fresh cases is estimated at between 300 and 400 daily.

—Commodore John Hodges Graham of the United States navy, who died March 15th, was born in Vermont, but was appointed to the navy from this State June 18, 1812.

—Ten milk dealers, of New York, were recently fined \$25 each, and one \$50, for having sold adulterated milk. One was fined \$5 additional for having sold oleomargarine not stamped as such.

—Four indictments were found against Alexander Barton, Treasurer of the Fishkill Savings Bank; two for embezzling \$61,000 and two for grand larceny in taking \$8,000. Bail was taken at \$10,000.

—The British ship *Americano*, which sailed from Darien, Ga., on the 18th inst., encountered a heavy gale off the North Breakers, near Sapele Island, and went ashore. The vessel was totally wrecked, but her cargo was saved.

—In the circuit court at Albany, before Judge Westbrook, Harriet McDonald plaintiff against Benjamin Franklin defendant, for violation of the Civil Damage act a judgment of \$1,000 was rendered.

—The strike of the London stone-masons cost the workmen \$150,000, and failed. After being out for four months, and incurring a loss of \$150,000, the miners of Longton have resumed work on the employers' terms.

—The sale of the New York Midland Railroad (ordered by the court), which was adjourned several times because no buyer offered \$2,500,000, as required by the conditions of sale to pay the receiver's certificates, was indefinitely postponed.

—The German war vessels *Elizabeth* and *Adriane* are now at Panama and the *Medusa* at Aspinwall awaiting orders to proceed to Nicaragua to demand satisfaction for the outrage committed a little over a year ago upon Mr. Eisenstuck, the German Consul at Leon.

—People in the little town of Waltham, Vt., enjoy a sort of perpetual millennium. With an area of nine square miles and a population of 249 persons, it has no town taxes, no bridges to maintain, no minister, no doctor, no church, no lawyer, no town paupers, and no jail. Yet they are mostly wealthy farmers and church-goers. All this results from living near a city that bears the religious and other expenses.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS' MUTUAL AUXILIARY.

The object of the above-named feature of our paper is to render pecuniary aid to the families and legal representatives of deceased subscribers of *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, or to such other persons as said subscribers shall have designated.

Any individual, deaf and dumb, or otherwise, residing in the United States of America, or in Canada, who is in good health, and who pays in advance one year's subscription to *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* at any time in the year from the first of April to the end of March of each year, may become a member of the Mutual Auxiliary. Each and every person must make application in the form described below, which shall be recommended by an actual subscriber or agent of *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*.

Upon the death of a subscriber, certified by the clergyman of the deceased, and three subscribers of *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, the present proprietor and the future proprietors of *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* shall transmit within thirty days after the expiration of the year the sum of twenty-five cents, from each subscription received for *THE JOURNAL*, to the heirs and assigns of the deceased. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs and assigns of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum shall accrue to the benefit of *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*.

Each subscriber shall receive a certificate of membership from the proprietor of *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*. Only persons who are in good health, and pay one year's full subscription to *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, in advance, shall be eligible for membership, and each person or persons shall remain members as long as he or she continues to pay one dollar and fifty cents for the paper, at least one week in advance of the time at which his or her subscription expires. If a subscriber neglects to renew his or her subscription he or she shall be notified, his or her name erased from the list of subscribers, and he or she shall forfeit all claims upon the Mutual Auxiliary, provided, however, that he or she may be reinstated by the proprietor of *THE JOURNAL*, upon making application and paying all assessments made during the interval between such forfeiture and reinstatement, and twenty-five cents for expenses.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

The undersigned, a resident of ——— County, State (or Province) of ———, being in good health, and, not, to his or her knowledge, being seized of any disease likely to prove fatal, desiring to be come a member of “OUR SUBSCRIBERS' MUTUAL AUXILIARY,” herewith encloses one dollar and fifty cents as his or her subscription to *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, at least one week in advance of the expiration of his or her subscription; or failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the same.

For the benefit of ——— (Here name of applicant.)
Dated at ——— 18 ———
Certified by ——— Clergyman of the deceased.
“ “ “ Subscribers of *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*.
“ “ “
“ “ “

Signature of Applicant.

Signature of Clergyman.

Signature of Subscribers.

Signature of Proprietor.

Signature of Agent.

Signature of Heir.

Signature of Assignee.

Signature of Legatee.

Signature of Beneficiary.

Signature of Executor.

Signature of Administrator.

Signature of Guardian.

Signature of Trustee.

Signature of Receiver.

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